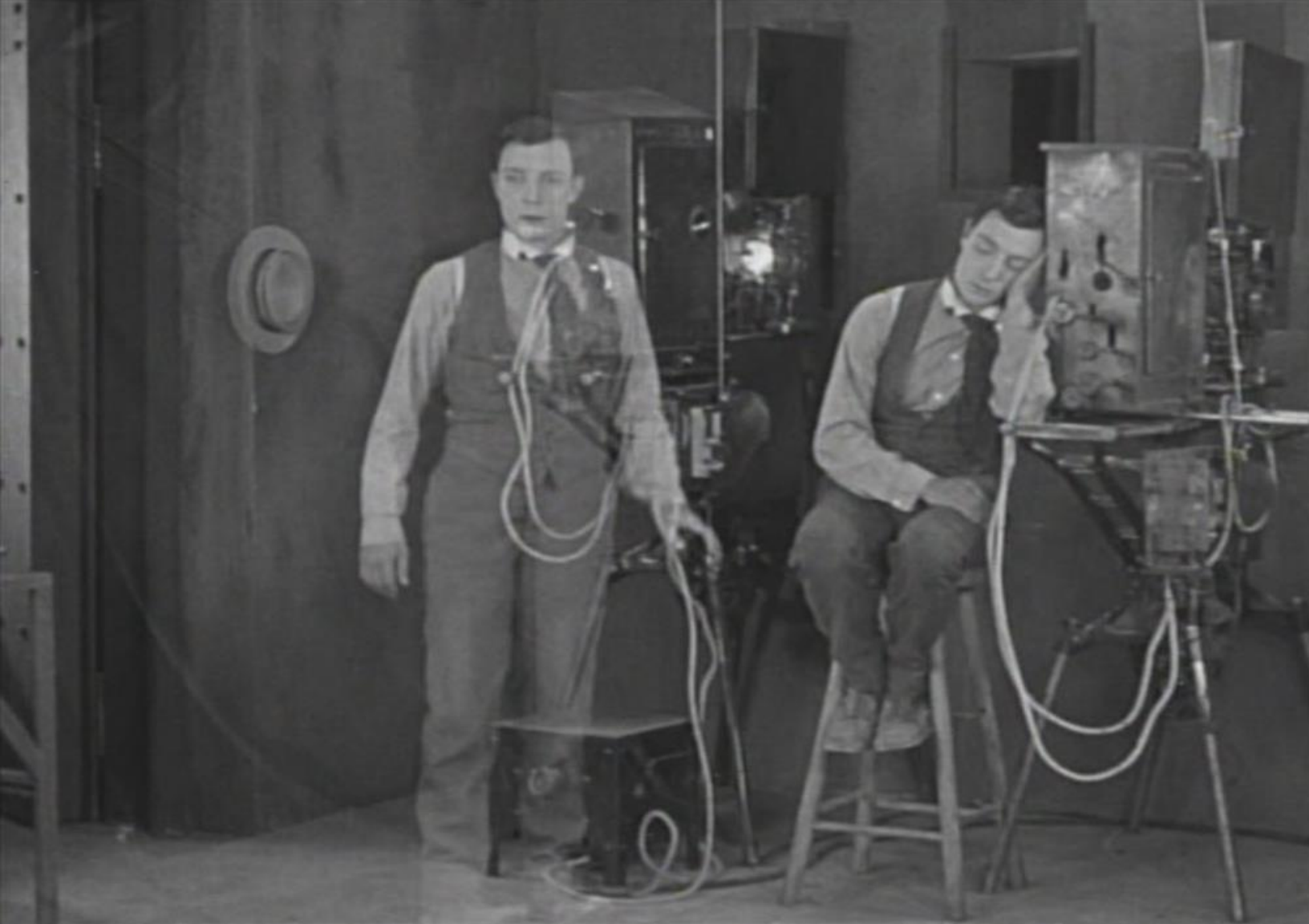


GRAPHIC CHAPBOOK

#1



THE GRAVE
OF
RIMBAUD

Bill Yarrow reading Son of Goya and Other Artist Poems



THE GRAVE OF RIMBAUD



6:02 / 9:48



Bill Yarrow reading Son of Goya and Other Artist Poems



I visited the grave of Rimbaud.
It was pale blue



6:11 / 9:48



Bill Yarrow reading Son of Goya and Other Artist Poems



like the blood of a baby penguin.



6:16 / 9:48



Bill Yarrow reading Son of Goya and Other Artist Poems



Upon its headstone were designs
beautiful and mysterious



6:21 / 9:48



Bill Yarrow reading Son of Goya and Other Artist Poems



like the brain waves of deer.



6:26 / 9:48



Bill Yarrow reading Son of Goya and Other Artist Poems



I touched the grave
and found it redemptive



6:30 / 9:48



Bill Yarrow reading Son of Goya and Other Artist Poems



like the law forbidding adultery.



6:36 / 9:48



Bill Yarrow reading Son of Goya and Other Artist Poems



I thought I was alone
but I was in the midst of a vast crowd



6:44 / 9:48



Bill Yarrow reading Son of Goya and Other Artist Poems



hissing like poisonous snakes on fire.



6:48 / 9:48



Bill Yarrow reading Son of Goya and Other Artist Poems



I had imagined the grave of Rimbaud
standing out from its field



6:51 / 9:48



Bill Yarrow reading Son of Goya and Other Artist Poems



like a single candle in a cake.



6:58 / 9:48



Bill Yarrow reading Son of Goya and Other Artist Poems



The grave itself was small
attic



7:02 / 9:48



Bill Yarrow reading Son of Goya and Other Artist Poems



quiet as a king at the end of his reign.



7:09 / 9:48



Bill Yarrow reading Son of Goya and Other Artist Poems



Around the grave the grass was burned
gray and stiff



7:16 / 9:48



Bill Yarrow reading Son of Goya and Other Artist Poems



like the lips of lovers who no longer kiss.



7:07 / 9:48



Bill Yarrow reading Son of Goya and Other Artist Poems



I sat by the grave
and felt at home



7:28 / 9:48



Bill Yarrow reading Son of Goya and Other Artist Poems



like bigotry in the hearts of men of God.



7:04 / 9:48



Bill Yarrow reading Son of Goya and Other Artist Poems



Then darkness settled over the grave
sentimentally



7:44 / 9:48



Bill Yarrow reading Son of Goya and Other Artist Poems



like a kitten on the neck of a man.



7:53 / 9:48



Bill Yarrow reading Son of Goya and Other Artist Poems



I left the grave and returned
to Marseilles



7:57 / 9:48



Bill Yarrow reading Son of Goya and Other Artist Poems



aligned like a knife in Adam's apple.



8:02 / 9:48



EYES
OFF
THE ROAD

Bill Yarrow reading "Eyes Off the Road" (2013)



EYES OF THE ROAD



0:06 / 1:07



Bill Yarrow reading "Eyes Off the Road" (2013)



One by one I lost my desires.
Dirty ambition left first.

0:14 / 1:07



Bill Yarrow reading "Eyes Off the Road" (2013)



Knowledge raged but then it cooled.
Riches never had the hook very deep.



0:21 / 1:07



Bill Yarrow reading "Eyes Off the Road" (2013)



Achievement uncoupled from success seemed
pointless.



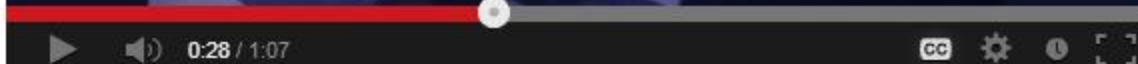
0:24 / 1:07



Bill Yarrow reading "Eyes Off the Road" (2013)



Friendship became recursive.
Appetite lost its urgency.



Bill Yarrow reading "Eyes Off the Road" (2013)



Form declined into artifice.
Love stopped feeding me so I stopped feeding it



0:34 / 1:07



Bill Yarrow reading "Eyes Off the Road" (2013)



Insight evaporated when memory left.



Bill Yarrow reading "Eyes Off the Road" (2013)



Lust lingered longest.



0:40 / 1:07



Bill Yarrow reading "Eyes Off the Road" (2013)



My desires, gaily arrayed, bolted
to a lapis slab, await me in Heaven.



0:50 / 1:07



Bill Yarrow reading "Eyes Off the Road" (2013)



0:53 / 1:07



Bill Yarrow reading "Eyes Off the Road" (2013)



0:55 / 1:07



MT HARMONICA

Mt Harmonica (2013)



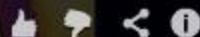
MT HARMONICA



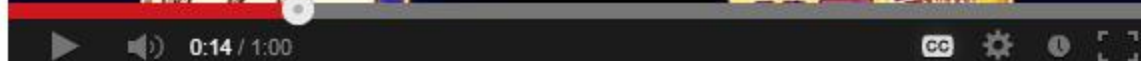
0:03 / 1:00



Mt Harmonica (2013)



As I glanced up at the mountain,
I began to bleed inside my boots.



Mt Harmonica (2013)



My legs turned ashen. A yellow chick
hatched in my heart. I had a vision



0:19 / 1:00



Mt Harmonica (2013)



of King Gorboduc. Slivered pencils
danced before my eyes. I heard the groan



0:28 / 1:00



Mt Harmonica (2013)



of an eternal combustion engine.
Powder-blue milk burst from the

▶ 🔊 0:39 / 1:00



Mt Harmonica (2013)



accumulated spigots of iniquity
The flood of blood worked its way



0:41 / 1:00



Mt Harmonica (2013)



to the foothills. A red bird
sang a song of praxis. The parched

▶ 🔊 0:44 / 1:00



Mt Harmonica (2013)



moraine remembered its sloppy past
All the vows of time stood undiminished.



0:49 / 1:00



Mt Harmonica (2013)



0:54 / 1:00

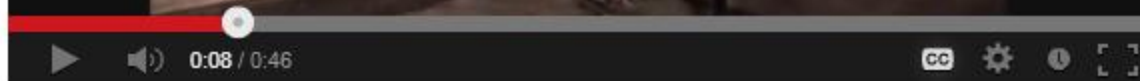


RAW
SALT

Bill Yarrow reading "Raw Salt"



RAW SALT



Bill Yarrow reading "Raw Salt"



I poured bleach on the bloody moon
and turned it scalding white. Then I



0:11 / 0:46



Bill Yarrow reading "Raw Salt"



wrote my autobiography on it in ash.
When the bill came due, I joined the



0:14 / 0:46



Bill Yarrow reading "Raw Salt"



cowboys who navigate by fear. They
locked me in a cabin inhabited by



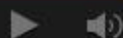
0:16 / 0:46



Bill Yarrow reading "Raw Salt"



moles. I escaped through the mirror
and landed in a lake. I baked for weeks



0:18 / 0:46



Bill Yarrow reading "Raw Salt"



in seaweed and lost a lot of flesh.
Hittites picked the barnacles off me



0:30 / 0:46



Bill Yarrow reading "Raw Salt"



and packed me in raw salt. I healed
in time to see the airmen welcomed home.



0:36 / 0:46



Bill Yarrow reading "Raw Salt"



A tall barker was hawking condo lots.
It was Gatlinburg in mid July.

0:38 / 0:46





CHAPEL ACCESS

Bill Yarrow reading Chapel Access



CHAPEL ACCESS



0:01 / 1:04



Bill Yarrow reading Chapel Access



Every tunnel's a piercing, every road's a tattoo.
The billboards are wrinkles, road signs are scars.



0:08 / 1:04



Bill Yarrow reading Chapel Access



Cranshaw said he saw eternity last night
wearing a sarong and smoking a cigar.



0:14 / 1:04



Bill Yarrow reading Chapel Access



"You're full of it, Cranshaw," I said



0:17 / 1:04



Bill Yarrow reading Chapel Access



and stared at the fraudulent broken line
that stuttered in front of me. Madeleine



0:25 / 1:04



Bill Yarrow reading Chapel Access



in the back seat touched me on the neck.
"Why so ornery?" she asked. "Why?"



0:28 / 1:04



Bill Yarrow reading Chapel Access



2008. 2009. 2010. That's why," I snarled.
What was eating me? Continental drift. Urban



0:34 / 1:04



Bill Yarrow reading Chapel Access



sprawl. Cranshaw! His smarmy teeth and
mildew jitterbug. His checked suspenders



0:44 / 1:04



Bill Yarrow reading Chapel Access



and dragonfly belt. 2011. Maybe everything



0:53 / 1:04



FOUR NOBLE LIES

Bill Yarrow reading "Florid Psychosis" and "Four Noble Lies"



FOUR NOBLE LIES



Bill Yarrow reading "Florid Psychosis" and "Four Noble Lies"



When Carlotta left me, I cried
into my soup. I shriveled into



Bill Yarrow reading "Florid Psychosis" and "Four Noble Lies"



harsh mathematics. A decade
later, I was living on Iowa Street



Bill Yarrow reading "Florid Psychosis" and "Four Noble Lies"



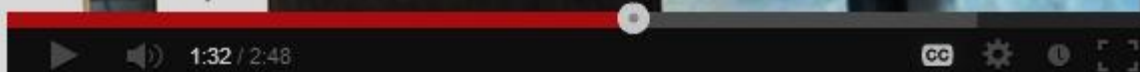
with Karen. She had goldfish and
good taste. I loved her for her fleshy



Bill Yarrow reading "Florid Psychosis" and "Four Noble Lies"



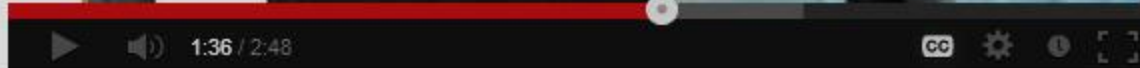
neck. We drank sinewy Dos Equis
and played Mahjong. In March,



Bill Yarrow reading "Florid Psychosis" and "Four Noble Lies"



I developed that cruel facial tic.
That precipitated the divorce.



Bill Yarrow reading "Florid Psychosis" and "Four Noble Lies"



At the thought of losing her,
my heart contracted into a span.



Bill Yarrow reading "Florid Psychosis" and "Four Noble Lies"



But I knew I would replace her
one day with a brutally neutered cat.



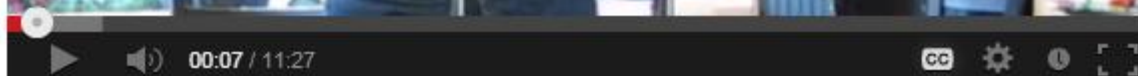


PAR
DELICATESSE

Pam Miller and Bill Yarrow. Part Three



PAR DELICATESSE



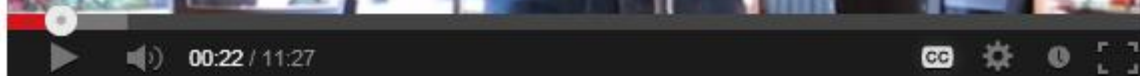
Pam Miller and Bill Yarrow. Part Three



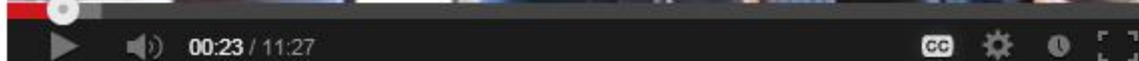
00:12 / 11:27



Pam Miller and Bill Yarrow. Part Three



Pam Miller and Bill Yarrow. Part Three



Pam Miller and Bill Yarrow. Part Three



00:27 / 11:27

CC



Pam Miller and Bill Yarrow. Part Three



00:31 / 11:27



Pam Miller and Bill Yarrow. Part Three



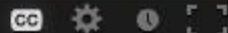
00:39 / 11:27



Pam Miller and Bill Yarrow. Part Three



00:44 / 11:27



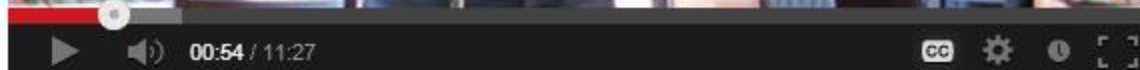
Pam Miller and Bill Yarrow. Part Three



00:51 / 11:27



Pam Miller and Bill Yarrow. Part Three



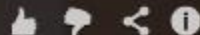
Pam Miller and Bill Yarrow. Part Three



01:01 / 11:27



Pam Miller and Bill Yarrow. Part Three



in a plethora of possibility.
belly or Nova, herring or tongue, chubs or



01:05 / 11:27



Pam Miller and Bill Yarrow. Part Three



sable,
kreplach or kishke, kugel or blueberry blintz...



01:10 / 11:27



Pam Miller and Bill Yarrow. Part Three



Fitzgerald: "In the real dark night
of the soul, it is always three



01:15 / 11:27



Pam Miller and Bill Yarrow. Part Three



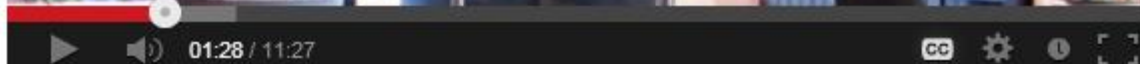
o'clock in the delicatessen.[®]
O lost! O lost! He lost his



01:23 / 11:27



Pam Miller and Bill Yarrow. Part Three



Pam Miller and Bill Yarrow. Part Three



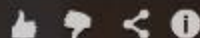
I know what he meant.
I've been in the 3 A.M. cream cheese.



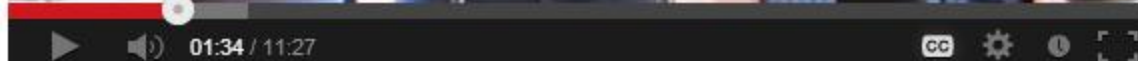
01:29 / 11:27



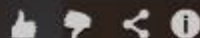
Pam Miller and Bill Yarrow. Part Three



I've known the hole in the bagel.
The potato knish is doughy. My life?



Pam Miller and Bill Yarrow. Part Three



01:41 / 11:27



DEMOLITION DERBY

Bill Yarrow reading "Demolition Derby" and "Fish Boil"



DEMOLITION DERBY



Bill Yarrow reading "Demolition Derby" and "Fish Boil"



The goal of a demolition derby is to crash
into all the other trucks as hard as you can



0:14 / 2:11



Bill Yarrow reading "Demolition Derby" and "Fish Boil"



without out destroying your own vehicle.



0:20 / 2:11



Bill Yarrow reading "Demolition Derby" and "Fish Boil"



Sounds a lot like capitalism.



Bill Yarrow reading "Demolition Derby" and "Fish Boil"



I should have said that to my sons as we were
sitting



0:26 / 2:11



Bill Yarrow reading "Demolition Derby" and "Fish Boil"



in the stands waiting for the vehicle melee
to commence.



0:29 / 2:11



Bill Yarrow reading "Demolition Derby" and "Fish Boil"



Beside us were ornery women in tall hats,
suspender dads, kids deformed with ribbons,



0:35 / 2:11



Bill Yarrow reading "Demolition Derby" and "Fish Boil"



rural Lotharios, tattooed grandmas,
livestock lawyers, reverse cowboys, and young



0:42 / 2:11



Bill Yarrow reading "Demolition Derby" and "Fish Boil"



0:49 / 2:11



Bill Yarrow reading "Demolition Derby" and "Fish Boil"



"Ladies and gentlemen, please sit away from
the wire fence."



0:54 / 2:11



Bill Yarrow reading "Demolition Derby" and "Fish Boil"



We're otherwise not responsible for the mud."



0:58 / 2:11



Bill Yarrow reading "Demolition Derby" and "Fish Boil"



Trucks rut up mud, boys.



1:01 / 2:11



Bill Yarrow reading "Demolition Derby" and "Fish Boil"



1:01 / 2:11

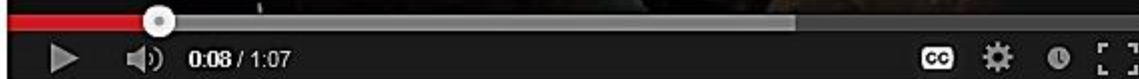


RIBS

Bill Yarrow reading "Ribs"



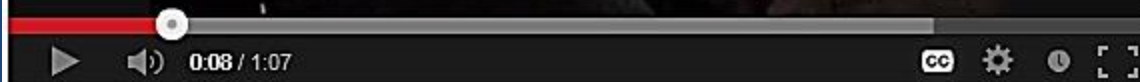
RIBS



Bill Yarrow reading "Ribs"



Man reached in the carcass of the Lord
and tore Satan from the rib of God.



Bill Yarrow reading "Ribs"



The mountains of humility went silent,
the rain of regency dried its eyes,



0:21 / 1:07



Bill Yarrow reading "Ribs"



and the clouds of unknowing began to know.



0:24 / 1:07



Bill Yarrow reading "Ribs"



Snow masquerading as kindness ballooned into
bombast



0:25 / 1:07



Bill Yarrow reading "Ribs"



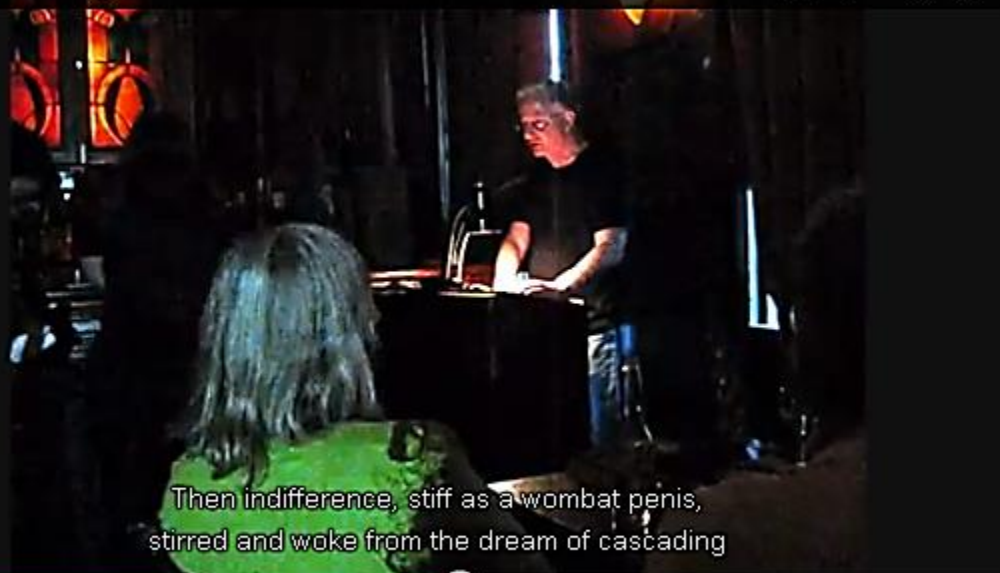
as the world washed its hands of worldliness.



0:30 / 1:07



Bill Yarrow reading "Ribs"



Then indifference, stiff as a wombat penis,
stirred and woke from the dream of cascading

▶ 🔊 0:34 / 1:07



Bill Yarrow reading "Ribs"



penury.



0:40 / 1:07



Bill Yarrow reading "Ribs"



I am imbricated by the slabs of dead ideas.



0:41 / 1:07



Bill Yarrow reading "Ribs"



I am teased by vaults of no gold.



0:45 / 1:07



Bill Yarrow reading "Ribs"



Ghosts hold me to votes I disavow.



0:50 / 1:07



Bill Yarrow reading "Ribs"



There is a formidable hole in the latent sky.



Bill Yarrow reading "Ribs"



0:55 / 1:07



IT'S
LIKE

Bill Yarrow reading "It's Like"



Bill Yarrow reading "It's Like"



It's like sewing a rip in your jeans
with garter snakes instead of thread.



0:08 / 0:56



Bill Yarrow reading "It's Like"



It's like watching a Russian film
with the ghost of Ronald Reagan.



0:15 / 0:56



Bill Yarrow reading "It's Like"



It's like squeezing three-bean salad
out of a toothpaste tube.



0:18 / 0:56



Bill Yarrow reading "It's Like"



It's like driving from Detroit to Denver
in a cardboard car.



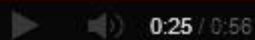
0:22 / 0:56



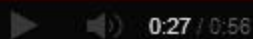
Bill Yarrow reading "It's Like"



It's like swimming
in Maalox.



Bill Yarrow reading "It's Like"



Bill Yarrow reading "It's Like"



It's like,
it's like...



0:29 / 0:56



Bill Yarrow reading "It's Like"



0:31 / 0:56



Bill Yarrow reading "It's Like"



0:33 / 0:56



Bill Yarrow reading "It's Like"



It's like French-kissing
a shaman.



0:36 / 0:56



Bill Yarrow reading "It's Like"



It's like reading Moll Flanders in Urdu.



Bill Yarrow reading "It's Like"



It's like fact-checking
Joseph of Arametheia.



0:40 / 0:56



Bill Yarrow reading "It's Like"



It's like changing the colostomy bag
on a Berkshire pig.



0:45 / 0:56



Bill Yarrow reading "It's Like"



It's like digging a tunnel to Trenton
with your mother's tongue.



0:48 / 0:56



CRANSHAW
ON A
BOAT

Bill Yarrow reading "Cranshaw on a Boat"



CRANSHAW ON A
BOAT



Bill Yarrow reading "Cranshaw on a Boat"



We are floating on the Chain of Lakes
eating Rice Crispies out of a bucket.



Bill Yarrow reading "Cranshaw on a Boat"



The sun is a soft lozenge
medicating a bright red sky.



Bill Yarrow reading "Cranshaw on a Boat"



Water skiers hold onto their slackening ropes
like love itself.



Bill Yarrow reading "Cranshaw on a Boat"



On Party Island, the icy drunks have seized control.

0:44 / 1:08

CC



Bill Yarrow reading "Cranshaw on a Boat"



Cranshaw has his hand inside Margaret.
No one is shocked; he was born brazen.



0:50 / 1:08



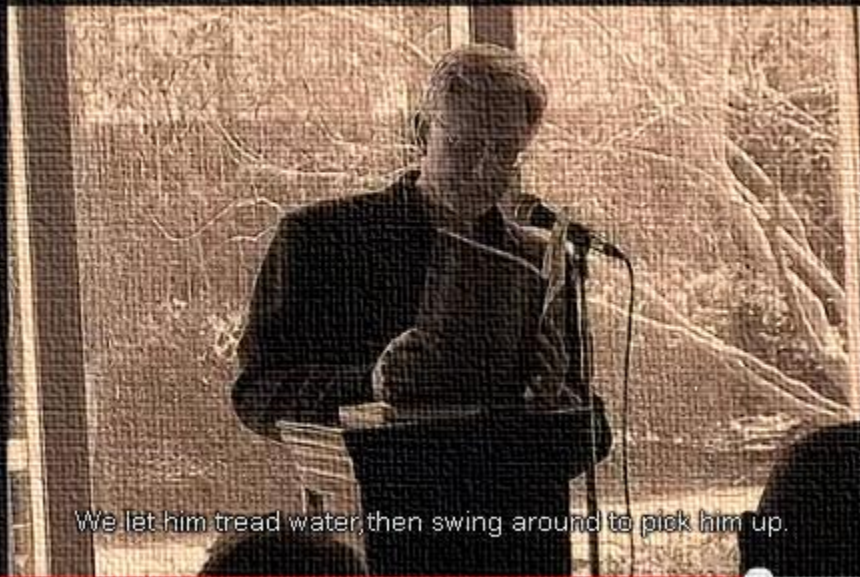
Bill Yarrow reading "Cranshaw on a Boat"



But when he starts in on the Jews,
Arnie gets mad and pushes him over the side.



Bill Yarrow reading "Cranshaw on a Boat"



We let him tread water, then swing around to pick him up.



0:53 / 1:08



Bill Yarrow reading "Cranshaw on a Boat"



Justice? No.
Margaret wants him back.



HITTING THE WALL

Bill Yarrow reading "Hitting the Wall"



Bill Yarrow reading "Hitting the Wall"



I hadn't seen her since Carter was President.
Everything about her had turned white,

0:14 / 1:07

CC Settings

Bill Yarrow reading "Hitting the Wall"

even her beauty marks.



0:16 / 1:07



Bill Yarrow reading "Hitting the Wall"



laced her strangeness and fumbled for the
past

0:17 / 1:07

CC Settings

Bill Yarrow reading "Hitting the Wall"

The time we went crabbing on the Chesapeake.
Her imitation of Barbara Mandrell.

0:27 / 1:07

CC

Bill Yarrow reading "Hitting the Wall"

Playing lawn darts at my mom's.



0:30 / 1:07



Bill Yarrow reading "Hitting the Wall"

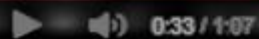


I tried to talk, but only whispers slithered
out.

Bill Yarrow reading "Hitting the Wall"



She pretended to understand what I was saying,



Bill Yarrow reading "Hitting the Wall"

Then said, "Wasn't it fungible to have run
across each other?"

0:35 / 1:07

CC



Bill Yarrow reading "Hitting the Wall"





Bill Yarrow reading "Hitting the Wall"

Then her perfume returned—
with a vengeance.



0:37 / 1:07





JOAN OF DARK

Bill Yarrow reading "Joan of Dark"



JOAN OF DARK



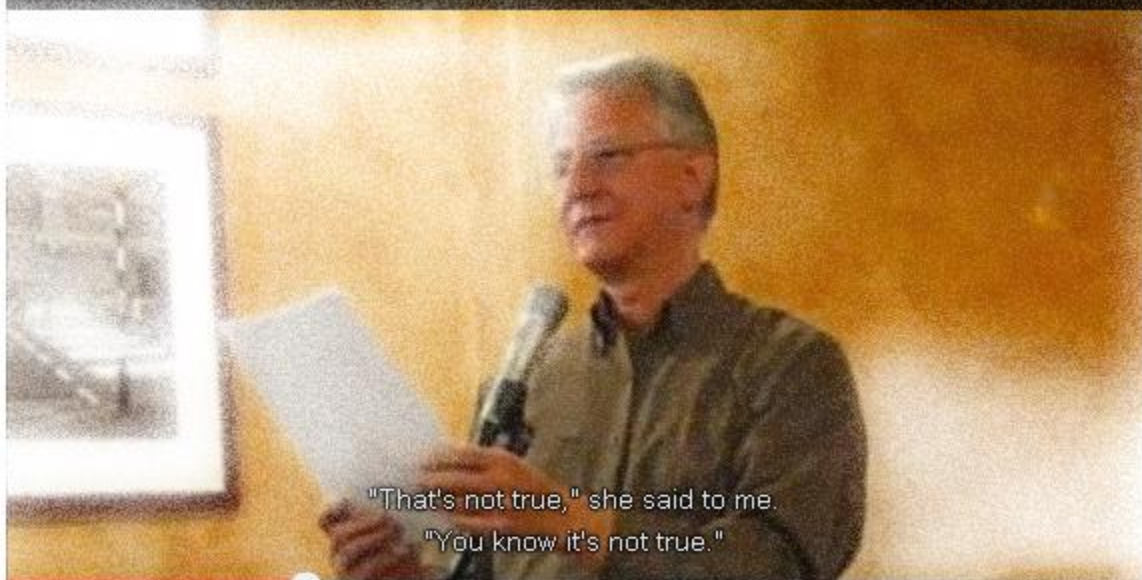
Bill Yarrow reading "Joan of Dark"



What happens in heaven stays in heaven.



Bill Yarrow reading "Joan of Dark"



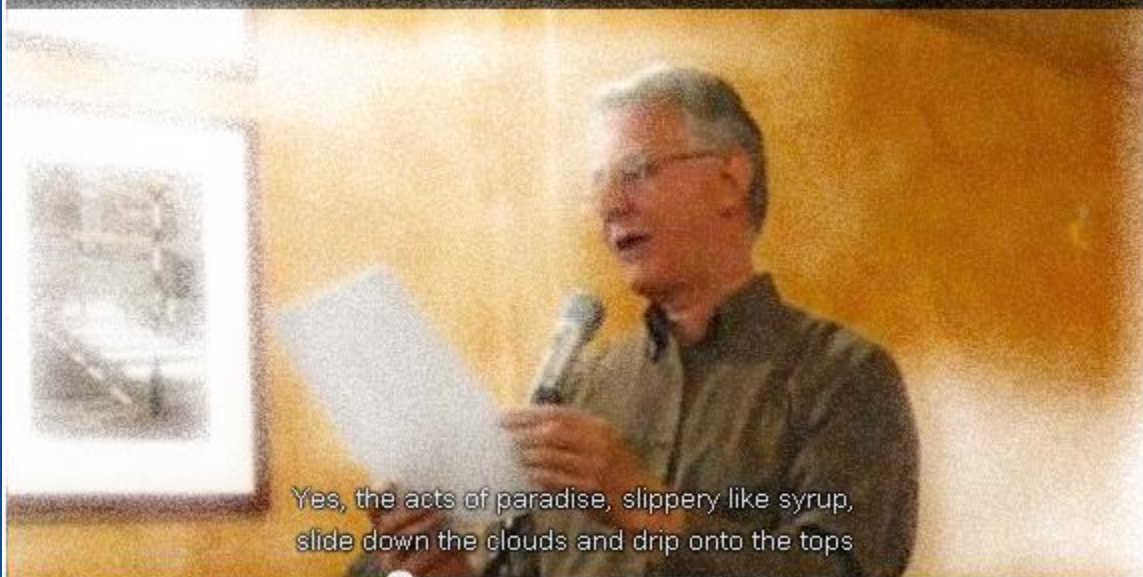
"That's not true," she said to me.
"You know it's not true."



0:15 / 1:01



Bill Yarrow reading "Joan of Dark"



Yes, the acts of paradise, slippery like syrup,
slide down the clouds and drip onto the tops



0:20 / 1:01



Bill Yarrow reading "Joan of Dark"



of the trees
where birds and squirrels reveal them to man.



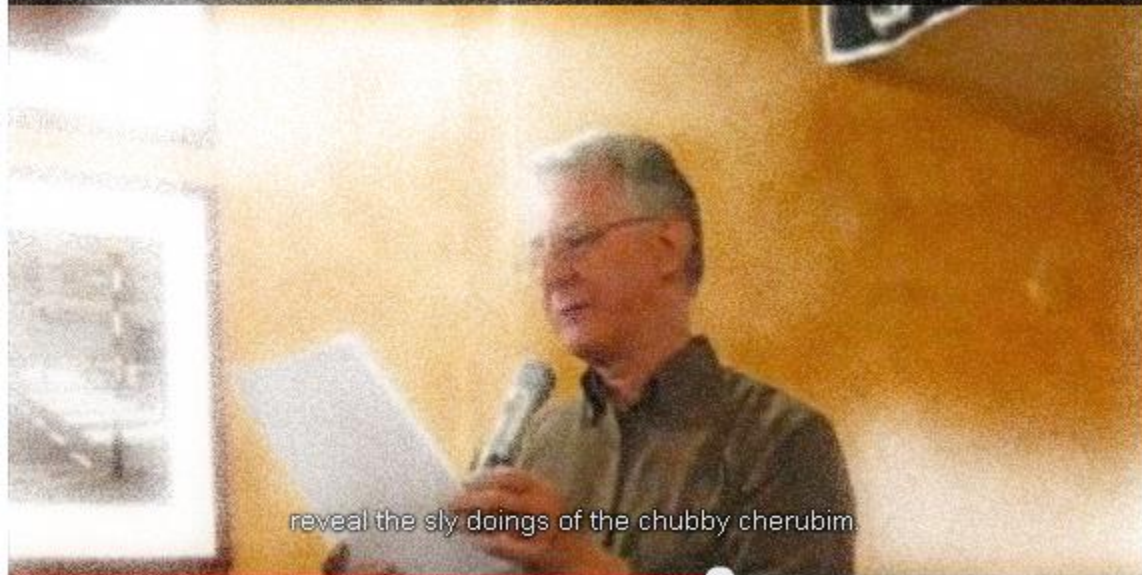
Bill Yarrow reading "Joan of Dark"



"What color are the birds?" she asked.
Pink. The pink birds and checkerboard squirrels



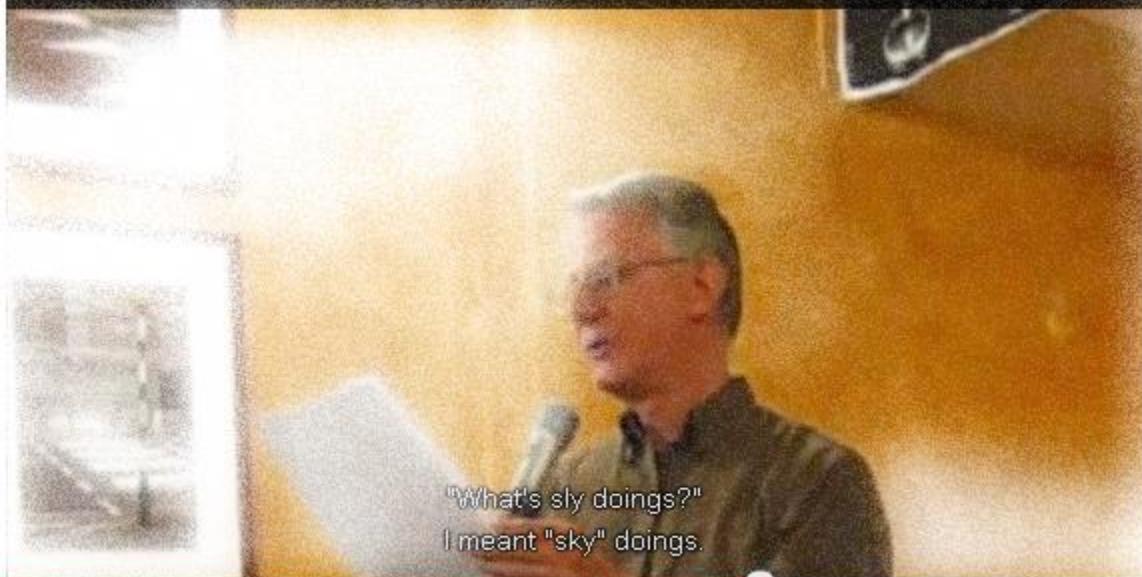
Bill Yarrow reading "Joan of Dark"



reveal the sly doings of the chubby cherubim



Bill Yarrow reading "Joan of Dark"



"What's sly doings?"
I meant "sky" doings.



0:40 / 1:01





Bill Yarrow reading "Joan of Dark"



Reveal the sky doings of half-pint angels.

0:45 / 1:01

CC



Bill Yarrow reading "Joan of Dark"



"I love heaven, don't you?"
I'm not allowed to tell.



0:48 / 1:01



Bill Yarrow reading "Joan of Dark"



They will burn me at the stake if I tell.



Bill Yarrow reading "Joan of Dark"



"Like Joan of Dark?"
Just like Joan of Dark.



0:54 / 1:01





GREYHOUND

Bill Yarrow reading "Greyhound"



0:04 / 0:57



Bill Yarrow reading "Greyhound"



0:05 / 0:57



Bill Yarrow reading "Greyhound"



0:09 / 0:57



Bill Yarrow reading "Greyhound"



Outside the window is Kansas.
Then Nebraska.



0:14 / 0:57



Bill Yarrow reading "Greyhound"



I note that in my ratty journal,
take a banana from a paper bag,
and pretend to shoot myself.



0:17 / 0:57



Bill Yarrow reading "Greyhound"



All the reading lights are out: no one can
see me. It's the chilling middle of the night.



0:20 / 0:57



Bill Yarrow reading "Greyhound"



0:24 / 0:57



Bill Yarrow reading "Greyhound"



I'm a CPA with asthma.
I'm a zoologist with MS.
I'm a baby who died of SIDS.



0:29 / 0:57



Bill Yarrow reading "Greyhound"



The bus pulls into a rest stop.
I buy a grilled cheese, a vanilla shake,
and some corn chowder.



0:34 / 0:57



Bill Yarrow reading "Greyhound"



0:36 / 0:57



Bill Yarrow reading "Greyhound"



In the men's room, I read the offerings on the vending machines.



0:40 / 0:57



Bill Yarrow reading "Greyhound"



Two truckers come and go
talking of Tupelo.



0:45 / 0:57



Bill Yarrow reading "Greyhound"



Stumbling back to my seat, I stare out a dirty window
into the sanitary blackness.



0:45 / 0:57



Bill Yarrow reading "Greyhound"



0:54 / 0:57



Bill Yarrow reading "Greyhound"

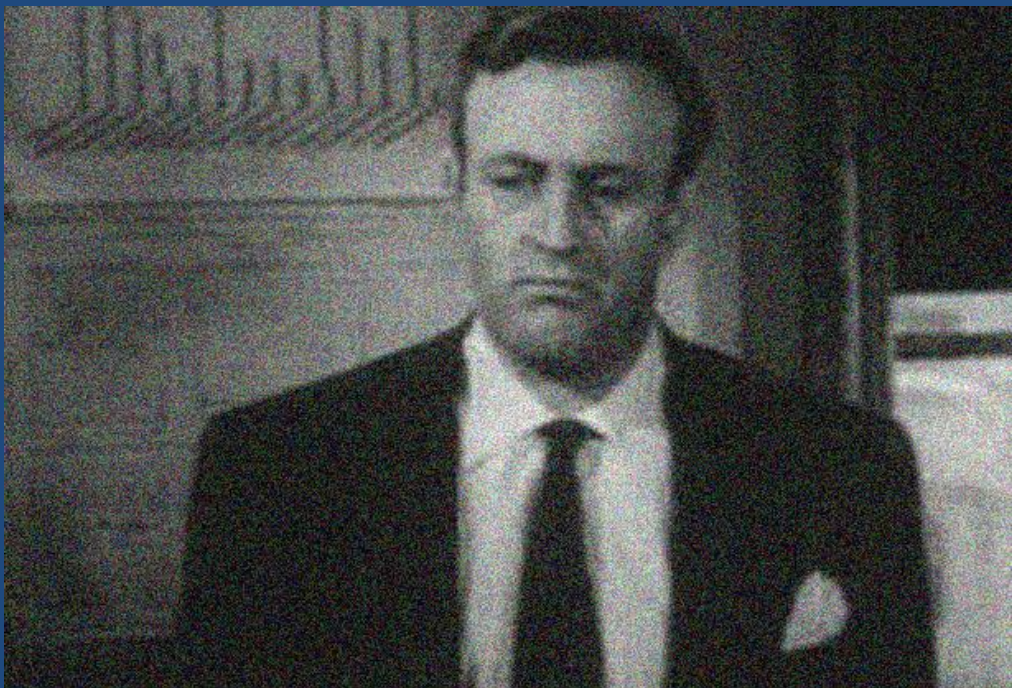


0:54 / 0:57





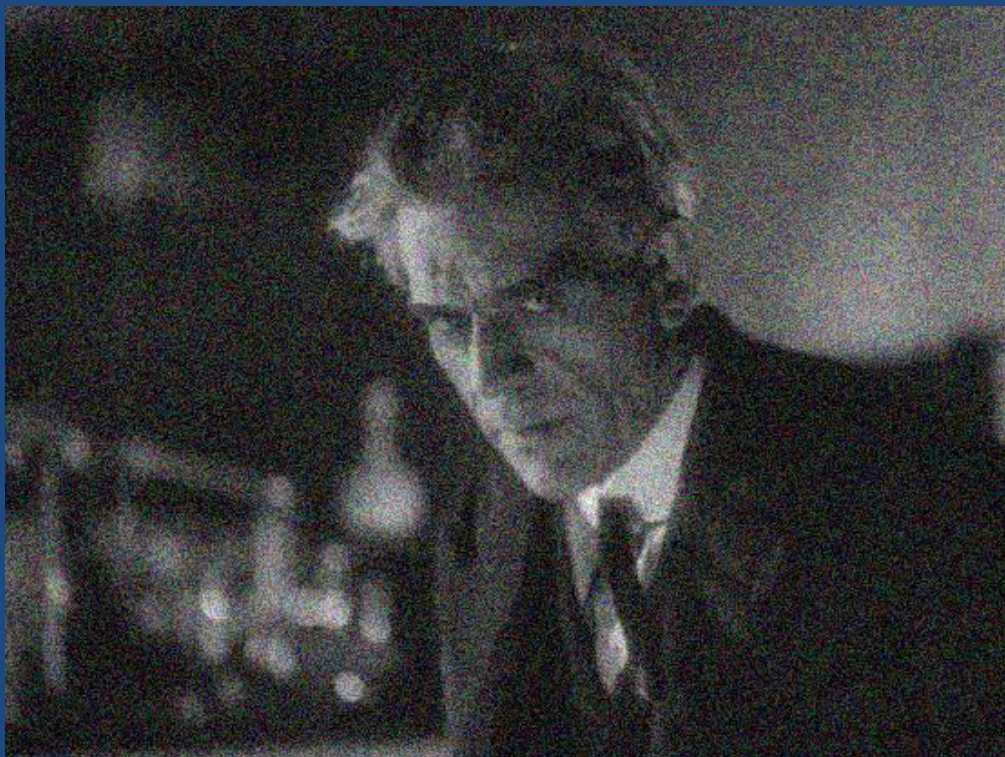
Poems in *Wrench* (erbacce-press, 2009):
Greyhound, It's Like, Mt. Harmonica,
The Grave of Rimbaud



Poems in *Fourteen* (Naked Mannekin, 20011):
Eyes off the Road, Four Noble Lies, Hitting the Wall,
Joan of Dark, Raw Salt



Poems in *Pointed Sentences* (BlazeVOX 2012):
Demolition Derby, Four Noble Lies, Greyhound, It's Like,
Mt. Harmonica, Raw Salt, Ribs, The Grave of Rimbaud



Poems in *Incompetent Translations and Inept Haiku* (Červená Barva, 20013):
Chapel Access, Cranshaw on a Boat, Par Delicatesse

Chapel Access
Cranshaw on a Boat
Demolition Derby
Eyes off the Road

Four Noble Lies
Greyhound
Hitting the Wall

It's Like
Joan of Dark
Par Delicatessen
Raw Salt
Ribs
The Grave of Rimbaud

appeared in fwription ; review
appeared in RHINO 2013
appeared in Thunderclap!
appeared in Camroc Press Review

appeared in Right Hand Pointing
appeared in THIS Literary Magazine
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